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THE



STUDENT'S
PEN

EAST BRIDGEWATER HIGH SCHOOL

MLS '31

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To our Friend and Business Adviser

Lucina A. Ellmes

Whose enthusiastic interest and loyal support
have contributed to the growth of our magazine,
the Staff of "The Student's Pen"
Dedicates this issue



STAFF OF "THE STUDENT'S PEN"

Back Row—Miss Ellmes, adviser; Irene Anderson, Ellen Shea, Mildred Stevens, Lillian Grant, Miona Poole, Eleanor Holmes, Geraldine Ellis, Therese Sullivan, Mrs. Chandler, literary adviser.

Second Row—Arax Odabashian, Barbara Butland, Leia Canelli, Catherine Fogo, Grace Curley, editor-in-chief, Ruth Moorhouse, Angelina Gonsalves, Marion Fisher.

Front Row—Chamberlain, Sukeforth, Leland, Morey.

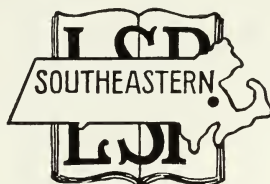
The Student's Pen

VOL. IX

EAST BRIDGEWATER, MASS., JUNE, 1930

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yearly



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Dorothy Bussey, Vice-president; Myron Whitman, Treasurer.
Front Row—Mrs. Chandler, Class Adviser; Mr. Cheever, Principal.

The Graduating Class.

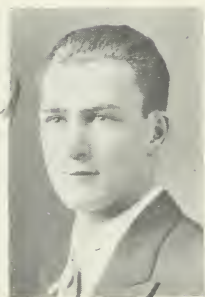
CLASS CATALOGUE.



ROBERT ALLEN, "Bob." Baseball (3) (4). Babe Ruth will have a worthy rival in Bob.



EDMUND BIRD, "Birdie." Football (3) (4). Birdie is the young man whose morning walk is shared by a ravishing auburn-haired miss. He is frequently seen in afternoon session.



SIDNEY BLOOM, "Sid." Hi-Y (1), French Club (3). What would we have done without Sid to return the borrowed furniture we used during the Class Play?



DOROTHY BUSSEY, "Dot." Vice-President (4), Basketball (4), Play Cast (4). While Dot has been with us, she has gained the popularity due an amiable and accommodating young lady.



JOSEPH CALLIENDO, "Joe," "Kelly." Basketball (4), Football (2) (3) (4), Baseball (3) (4), Captain (4). Kelly is the most retiring young man of the Senior Class, but many of his classmates have found out what an expert mathematician he is.



ELIZABETH CAMPBELL, "Lizzie." We wonder why the road between Randolph and Elmwood is so well traversed?

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MILDRED CAMPBELL, "Milly." Milly seems to be No. 5 in the retinue of young ladies who would like to help the treasurer with his report. Golddigging, Milly?



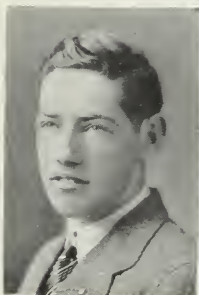
LEIA CANELLI, "Giggles." Pen Staff (4). Leia has an extremely keen sense of humor to which Miss Ellmes will testify, we are sure, if you ask her about it.



RUSSELL CHAMBERLAIN, "Russ." Football (4), Manager (4), Basketball (4), Manager (4), Baseball (4), Glee Club (3) (4), Pen Staff (4), Play Cast (4), Treasurer (1). We had visualized Russ as our future politician until Class Play converted him into a dashing sheik.



GRACE CURLEY, "Gracie." Pen Staff (1) (2) (3) (4), Highest Honor (4). We all know that Grace is fond of horses. Of course, we're not inquisitive, Grace, but—what is the news from New York?



RICHARD CURLEY, "Dick." Pen Staff (3), Play Cast (4). Dick is surely sorely tried by keeping the affairs of his three colleagues straightened out so they'll bear inspection.



HELEN FIELDEN, "Hel." Play Cast (4). There must be quite a magnet down at the local newspaper stand since Helen patronizes it so faithfully. What's the attraction, Helen?



MIRIAM FISHER, "Mim." Secretary (2), Glee Club (2) (3) (4), Pen Staff (2) (3) (4), Orchestra (2) (3) (4), Play Cast (4). Mim personified an ideal scrub woman in the Class Play, but what a delightful scene took place at the final curtain!



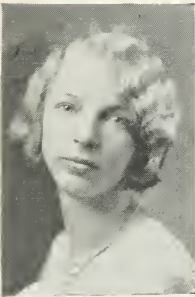
STANLEY GOLDMAN, "Bennie." Bennie is one of the smartest members of the Senior Class. And it takes a clever boy to manage a flivver like Bennie's.



ANGELINA GONSALVES, "Angie." Basketball (3) (4), Captain (3), Hockey (3) (4), Captain (3), Pen Staff (2) (4), Highest honor (4). Angie has been just as efficient in athletics as in her studies. We congratulate you, Angie.



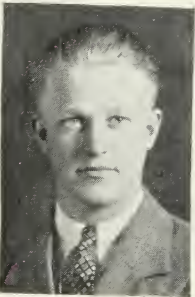
LILLIAN GRANT, "Lil." Basketball (4), Pen Staff (4). Lillian is the only member of French IV who never gets hysterically silly, but she's progressing rapidly. She even says, "Whoopie!" now.



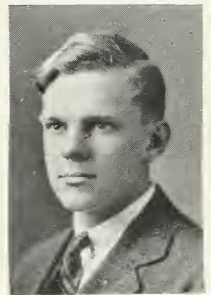
EDNA HEATH, "Eddie." What a coquette is Eddie! And what a hubbub arises in the back of the room whenever Eddie enters French Class in Room VI!



KATHERINE LEACH, "Kitty." Basketball (3) (4). Kitty is, apparently, the Beaver night watchman. Your two assistants must be of great help to you, Kitty.



THOMAS LEACH, "Tommy." Football (4), Play Cast (4). Thomas is very much in demand for social activities, especially minstrel shows.



CHARLES LELAND, "Chick." Pen Staff (1) (2) (3) (4), Basketball (3) (4), Play Cast (4). Chick knows his onions when it comes to picking a fair lass. Be careful, Chick, or you may be sued by a fiery-headed miss.



SVEA LINDQUIST. Many times last winter Svea was seen trudging to Montello, a pair of skates dangling from her shoulder—but she didn't carry them home.



PEARL LUTHER, "Rabbit." Rabbit keeps up the standard of Type IV. We're mighty lucky to have someone to save us from the depths of disgrace.

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LOUISE MALAGUTI, "Mal." Basketball (3). Louise seems to be very fond of Bournehurst. She always has ready information to give the Orchestra Committee about popular dance orchestras, too.



STELLA MARVILL. Orchestra (1) (2) (3) (4), Supper Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Pen Staff (4), Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4). Although Stella has always been reserved and shy, she has found her way into the hearts of the Senior Class.



RUTH MOORHOUSE, "Rufus." Vice-President (2), Glee Club (1) (3) (4), Pen Staff (1) (2) (3) (4). Why the corner-wise glances each morning, Ruth? (Three guesses and the first two don't count.) Rufus is one reason why our play was so successful.



JOSEPH MOREY, "Joe," "Mo." President (2), Glee Club (4), Basketball (3). (4), Captain (3), Football (2) (3) (4), Basketball (3) (4), Captain (4), Pen Staff (2) (4), Play Cast (4). Mo certainly furnished many thrilling moments in our basketball and football games. We noticed that Joe faithfully attended the Bridgewater High School basketball games!



MYRTLE NEWHALL, "Myrt." Myrt is another quiet member of the Senior Class. What would study hall be like without a few, at least, like Myrt?



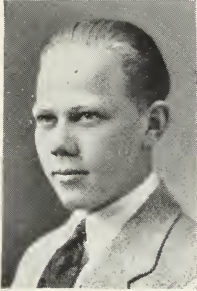
LOUISE PERKINS, "Squeezeo." Vice-President (3), Glee Club (3) (4), Hockey (3) (4), Basketball (3) (4), Manager (4), French Club (3), Play Cast (4). Louise's artistic portrayal of distinguished members of our class and faculty caused much amusement among her classmates. You'll be missed in French IV, won't you, Squeezeo?



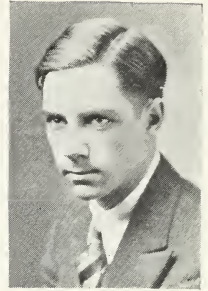
STEPHEN PITTSLEY, "Steve." President (3), Baseball (2) (3) (4), Football (2) (3) (4), Basketball (2) (3) (4), Captain (3), Play Cast (4). As an athlete, a referee, and an actor, Steve has always been a hit with our school. What a stern "Mennonite" he made!



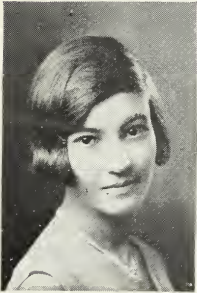
MIONA POOLE, "Tom." Secretary (3) (4), Basketball (3), Glee Club (3) (4), Pen Staff (4), Play Cast (4). If Tom keeps on receiving and sending so many letters, the Elmwood post office will become a first class post office very shortly.



ROBERT RIDDER, "Bob." In Bob's case, love always finds a way. When no other car is available Bob goes calling in the farm truck.



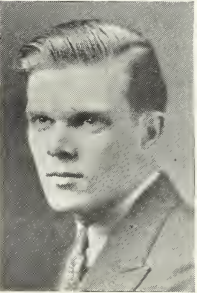
RICHARD ROACH, "Dick." "Ro." Basketball (3) (4), Baseball (3) (4), Football (2) (3) (4), Captain (4). Dick is attending "Night School" and seems to be progressing rapidly. What degree are you working for, Ro?



ELEANOR ROCHA, "Ellie." Glee Club (3) (4), French Club (3), Secretary (3), Hockey (3) (4), Manager (4), Basketball (2) (3) (4), Manager (3). Ellie—personality, versatility—in fact, all the "lities" that go to make up one good pal. And can't Ellie work!



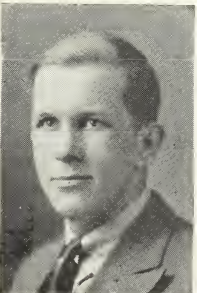
MAYDORA SEYMOUR, "May." Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Shorthand Club (3), Orchestra (1) (2) (3) (4). May is very fond of musicians. Her favorite car seems to be the Chevrolet—but how about the new Ford, May?



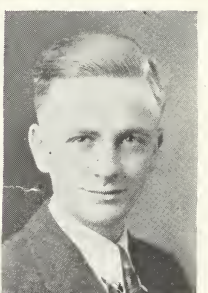
EARLE SUKEFORTH, "Suke." President (1) (4), Football (2) (3) (4), Baseball (4), Manager (4), Basketball (3) (4), Pen Staff (4), Play Cast (4). Our governor in the Class Play, aspires to be a chauffeur, in reality, to a certain party on Plymouth Street. He pulls down good pay!



HELEN SULLIVAN, "Sullie." Play Cast (4). When can we get married, Jake? Take the tip from us, Sullie, it's a hard, hard life to be a farmer's wife.



HERBERT THORNDIKE, "Bubs." Secretary (2), Football (3) (4), Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4). Bubs has his eyes peeled when it comes to the "wimmin". His pal did not present much competition in his affairs with the Bridgewater belles.



MALCOLM WHITE, "Mal." French Club (3), Treasurer (3), Play Cast (4). Mal, our infallible authority on the Movies, is the debonair young man who thrilled the hearts of the public on the night of the Class Play.



MYRON WHITMAN. Treasurer (4), French Club (3). Myron is the Joppa City sheik. From his steady correspondence with firearms firms, he will probably become a gunman in Chicago or another

Dangerous Dan McGrew.

FREDERICK YAFRATE, "Fred." Fred is a rather silent but dependable member of our class. He's quite "the man about town" when he roars by in his big Buick.



CLARA FROST, "Frostie." Hockey (3). This is our little book worm. No modern books appear in the many shelves of Clara's extensive library; she prefers classic literature.

THERESA SULLIVAN, "Tessie." Basketball (3) (4), Captain (4), Pen Staff (3) (4), Play Cast (4). Tessie afforded much amusement during our excited basketball games by keeping in close contact with the floor. Never mind, "Tess," you know your basketball.

CLASS HISTORY

As the class of 1930 draws to a close its fourth year, we look back over the years to see our achievements in class activities.

We started out in our Freshman year with the following as our leaders: Sukeforth, President; Frank Leach, Vice-President; Thordike, Secretary; Chamberlain, Treasurer.

The only social events of the season were the reception given to the eight grade, and the Hallowe'en party given to the Freshmen by the Sophomores. After a stormy year of trials and tribulations we had an enjoyable respite of two months before taking our places in Room 2 under the watchful eye of Miss Sullivan. We elected the following officers: Morey, President; Ruth Moorhouse, Vice-President; Miriam Fisher, Secretary; Tessie Sullivan, Treasurer; Leland, Assistant Treasurer.

Our first gathering that year was the annual Christmas party, this being the only social event of the year. We selected a class motto, class flower, rings, and class color. Our motto is, "We can because we

think we can", class flower, yellow rose, and class color, yellow and white.

In the regular inter-class contest for the banner given for reaching a quota for "Student's Pen" subscriptions the Sophomores "as usual" went over the top, thereby winning the banner.

After a successful year we were very sorry in June to leave the regime of Miss Sullivan but under the capable guidance of Miss Burrington, we soon began our eventful Junior year.

Pittsley, President; Louise Perkins, Vice-President; Miona Poole, Secretary; Chamberlain, Treasurer, were elected by the class to guide us successfully in all the endeavors that we might undertake.

We started our social whirlpool by our great success, the "Junior Prom", but it could not be surpassed by the Hockey-Football Banquet. We paid our last respects to the seniors by sending them off with an appropriate funeral, and closed our successful year by our appearance at class day.

Finally our senior year arrived and we were affronted with the idea that new officers had to be elected. So we chose: Sukeforth, President; Dorothy Bussey, Vice-President; Miona Poole, Secretary; Myron Whitman, Treasurer. We started off in high hopes of giving our play earlier this year but due to the absence of our coach, Mrs. Chandler, we were unable to give it as soon as we had expected. Although this has been the main project of the Senior class so far, we are now planning for our final high school activities.

The highest honor awards have been given to Miss Angelina Gonsalves of the Commercial Department and Miss Grace Curley of the College Preparatory Department.

Our Commencement Week will begin with our Baccalaureate Sermon on June 22, at the Methodist Church. We shall hold our class outing on June 23, Class Day on June 24, on which occasion the Fred Bates Morse Post of The American Legion will award five dollars to the winner of the contest for the best essay on the Constitution. Graduation exercises will be held on June 25, and the Senior Reception, June 27.

Though we close our Class History with deep regret, we rejoice that so many members of our class have stood together until our senior year. We have the distinction of being E. B. High's largest graduation class, and we consider ourselves fortunate, indeed, in having had Mrs. Chandler as our home-room teacher.

Miona Poole.

SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY

Looking Ahead in My Diary

Monday: Dear Diary—

I am in a terrible state of excitement. I have just received news that the distinguished playwright and actor, Mr. Malcolm White, is to honor me with his presence tomorrow evening for dinner. Imagine it! Hold everything, diary, and tomorrow I'll give you the details of the big event.

Tuesday: Well, diary, the dinner was a success and what an eventful day this has been. I'll start at the beginning and tell you all about it, from the first thing I did this morning until this very minute.

I prepared my menu and sent to Charles Leland's farm for my vegetables, and to the Bloom Poultry farm for some fowl. Mr. Sidney Bloom himself brought them over. Wasn't that good of him?

While my secretary, Miss K. Leach, made out the invitations, I hurried over to Miss Newhall's Beauty Shop, and under her capable hands, I emerged an hour later like a butterfly from its chrysalis. While there I learned that the business end of the shop is managed by Miss Edna Heath, who is making a decided success of her first adventure in the business world.

Just as I left the door of the Beauty Shop I came face to face with Russell Chamberlain of the East Bridgewater Gazette. What a providential encounter! Without solicitation, he promised to give my dinner party a good write-up and to send Miss Pearl Luther right away to secure photographs of my guests.

When I arrived home I found that Miss Leach had been very fortunate in getting in touch with so great a number of notable guests at such short notice. Among the guests to be present were: Robert Allen of Wall Street fame; Herbert Thorndike, owner of one of the largest cattle ranches in the West; Professors Curley and Goldman of Bridgewater Normal and Tufts, respectively; Miss Lillian Grant, that outstanding figure in the scientific world; the head coach of Harvard, Earle Sukeforth, and his charming wife, the former Ruth Moorhouse; Miss Dorothy Bussey, the famous aviatrix; the promising essayist and editorial writer, Miss Grace Curley; one of Broadway's most talented actresses, Miss Miriam Fisher; Miss Miona Poole, the famous "Blues" singer; and the renowned explorer and big game hunter, Myron D. Whitman.

I decided to go in person to Yafrate's flower store. I am always

so pleased when Mr. Frederick Yafrate suggests a flower arrangement for my table. On my way there, I noticed a brilliantly colored bill-board showing a young man resplendent in an officer's uniform, taking the blind-fold chewing tobacco test. What a striking resemblance he has, I thought, to an old classmate, Richard Roach. Can it be that he has risen to such fame? I wonder.

Mr. Yafrate was not in, so I left my order with his personal secretary, Miss Svea Lindquist, and proceeded to make my daily visit to the Morey Institute for homeless girls at Bridgewater. Two of my old school chums, Helen Fielden and Stella Marvill are employed there, Miss Fielden being the dietician and Miss Marvill, the head nurse. The institution is sponsored and run by Mr. Joseph Morey, who deserves much credit for his generous and thoughtful interest toward Bridgewater girls. I considered myself extremely fortunate in securing on such short notice, Mr. Morey's promise to grace my dinner party with his august presence.

As I passed a book shop, I read the announcement of a new novel written by the celebrated authoress, Clara Frost, the while I heard a newsboy shouting about a new process discovered by Professor Pittsley which guaranteed to abolish all necessity of hurrying.

I met on the street two former school mates, the Misses Helen Sullivan and Eleanor Rocha, teachers at Bridgewater High, who were on their way to the Yale-Princeton game. The Yale coach is Edmund Bird and Princeton's coach is Joseph Calliendo, two former High School stars.

I had to stop in at my broker's office and while there, I had the delightful surprise of finding his new secretary to be Miss Angelina Gonsalves, who, with Miss Theresa Sullivan, will open an office of her own later in the fall.

This evening, before dinner, I showed my guests through my new home, which they admired greatly. This I took as a tribute to Mr. Robert Ridder, the architect who designed it. They were also interested in my Chow dogs, which are cared for by Miss Mildred Campbell. Miss Campbell is so proficient in the care of show dogs, that she is absolutely priceless to me.

The dinner was perfect and afterward we were entertained by some popular artists: The Misses Elizabeth Campbell and Leia Canelli in a specialty song and dance act; violin selections by Miss Maydora Seymour, who is now a violinist of note; and Miss Louise Malaguti gave us several of her well-known interpretative dances.

Mr. White and I saw my guests off, then I bade him good-night. So here I am, ready for bed, after one of the most interesting days of my life.

Louise Perkins.

SENIOR CLASS WILL

We, the Class of 1930, knowing full well the time is rapidly approaching for us to go, being now perfectly sane (for this is a special occasion), whole of heart, and prejudiced in favor of no one, do hereby will and bequeath, as we see fit, all our lawful and acquired property and possessions to our friends and successors in this, our High School, reserving the right, however, to continue our ownership until 10 P. M. June 25, 1930.

To the school we leave our shoes, and every member in our class has money to bet that there will never be another class able to fill them.

To the faculty we leave handkerchiefs and smelling salts. We know the thought of losing their jewels will overcome them.

To the Juniors we leave our proudest possessions, the ability to put on a snappy social event and to spend money. O dear, it is such a dreadful thing to get into a rut!

To the Sophomores we leave the memory of our brilliant scholastic record. We are sure if they follow our example and buckle down to work, when they become Seniors they will have achieved half our glory.

To the Freshmen we leave the marvelous coöperative spirit that has ever been ours. Yes sir, we certainly hung together in the time of tests.

To Myrtle Cannon we leave Leia Canelli's acrobatic ability.

To Anna Turner we leave Clara Frost's flirtatious ways.

To Buck Richmond we leave Dick Roch's "last nite" stories. We leave Ro's gold tooth to anyone who desires it.

To Eldora Reed we leave Myrtle Newhall's wild, wild whoopee ways.

To Irene Anderson we leave May Seymour's tap dancing ability.

To Ruth Puffer we leave Miona Poole's sweet low voice, "I Got the St. Louis Blues."

To Rita Bernier we leave Louise Perkins' ability to draw something besides her breath.

To Willie Dowling we leave Joe Calliendo's great line of gab.

To Marjorie Pratt we leave the ability of our class violinists, May Seymour and Stella Marvill. We hope that Marjorie will be generous and divide it up with the Shaw twins.

To John Ring we leave Miriam Fisher's ability to tickle the ivories. Get the word **tickle**, John, and spare the keyboard.

To Albert Spear we leave Russ Chamberlain's curls and ability as a toe dancer. Gosh!

To Jerry Ellis we leave Lillian Grant's snappy request, "Cigarette me, big boy."

To Minnie Harris we leave Sid Bloom's affection.

To the Shaw twins we leave Angie Gonsalves' and Tessie Sullivan's line of wise chatter.

To Arthur Petrulonis we leave Dick Curley's collegiate ways.

To Al Lincoln we leave Myron Whitman's daily reception of mail catalogs. We trust he will be satisfied and so desist from writing to the Lonely Heart's Club.

To Thorley Turner we leave Earle Sukeforth's height. We should like to have a good tall center for our B. B. team—say in 1933.

To Peggy Aitken we leave Katherine Leach's interest in the stronger sex.

To Ethel Anderson we leave Helen Sullivan's fiery locks and her preference for boys with straight hair and curly teeth.

To Sammy Cohen we award the scholarship left by the late Stanley Goldman, for the education of rabbis for future Senior Class Plays. Anybody want the Ford?

To Doc Kingman we leave Steve Pittsley's frail frame. Steve says anyone desirous of attaining flesh may find it up at the Strong field: he lost a lot of it there.

To Lawrence Pendergast we leave Chick Leland's ability to manage his wife.

To Harry Clifford we leave Malcolm White's blustering ways.

To Harvey Carleton we leave Eddie Bird's ability to play football.

To Elsie Anderson we leave Dot Bussey's good nature and understanding.

To Joe Feeney we leave Herbie Thorndike's luck in love.

To Eleanor Barker we leave Helen Fielden's mournful saying, "I got it, but it don't do me no good." O yeah?

To the athlete, Arthur Aldridge, we leave Bobby Allen's ability to catch everything that comes his way on the ball field.

To Claire Davenport we leave Grace Curley's bottle of "Tiger Lily" wood polish.

To Julia Clogston we leave Lizzie Campbell's verse,

"She's true to me
An' she's true to you
Also the Army and Navy, too."

To Marla Russell we leave Ruth Moorhouse's faithfulness.

To Nick Medivid we leave Bob Ridder's grin. Nick will surely give "Old Man Sunshine" a good run for his money.

To Marjorie Berry we leave Elli Rocha's ability to play basketball.

To Florence Farrell we leave Edna Heath's permanent wave.

To Florence Freeman we leave Pearl Luther's speed on the typewriter.

To Mildred Stevens we leave Svea Lindquist's height.

To Beatrice Tripp we leave Louise Malaguti's ability to "go places and ring doorbells."

To Ned Fogo we leave Fred Yafrate's slick hair.

To Dot Bannerman we leave Mildred Campbell's walk from Elmwood.

We, the Class of 1930, do declare, in the presence of witnesses, this to be our last will, this twenty-fourth day of June, nineteen hundred and thirty.

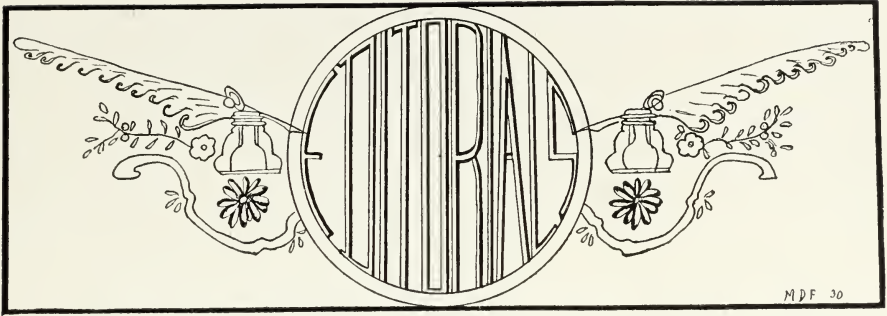
(Signed) Joseph Morey.

SENIOR CLASS ODE

Now the year is at an end
 A sadness fills each heart,
 A feeling that we cannot mend—
 The time has come to part.
 Our paths, which lead a different way,
 Will scatter us far and wide,
 However far we chance to stray,
 We'll think of E. B. High.

Our school a guardian angel stood
 To guide us on life's way,
 Each one's ambition understood
 Her light, a shining ray.
 And as the years roll gently by
 And older grown are we,
 These happy days will prove a tie,
 A lasting memory.

Ruth Moorhouse, '30.



THE PEN

We speak of the "Pen" as a school magazine and yet it falls short of being representative of the combined efforts of students and teachers. The names of the students who contribute articles hardly vary throughout the school year and while some teachers aid and abet students in preparing "Pen" material; others never mention the magazine.

"United we stand divided we fall" exactly fits the situation. If the students will only appreciate the fact that our school magazine must have every single student behind it to win, I'm sure the "Pen" would rise to greet a Southeastern League Award.

Grace Curley, '30.

1930-1931

When the "Student's Pen" came into existence eight years ago, the task of the student body was to make it a success both from a literary and a financial standpoint. Each succeeding staff has taken up the work and bit by bit the foundation for a creditable high school paper has been laid.

This year we have made our magazine more attractive by a new cover design and clever cuts for each department. There are still many more improvements to be made, however. We are striving to make our literary department larger and to include more short stories and plays. "Pen Points" must be enlivened by more original jokes and our school news made more interesting. Language, science, and book

review departments would raise the standard of the "Pen".

These aims can be accomplished if the students accept their responsibility and co-operate with the staff not only in the drives for literary material but also in the subscription drives. The Pen must have financial support. Fellow classmates. Let us revive the old E. B. H. school spirit and make our paper **one** of which we can be proud, the finest in the League.

Catharine Fogo, '31.



SENIOR CLASS PLAY CAST

"Erstwhile Susan"

Front Row—Misses Poole, Fielden, H. Sullivan, Fisher, Mrs. Chandler, coach,
Misses Moorhouse, D. Bussey, Perkins, T. Sullivan

Back Row—Leland, Sukeforth, White, Leach, Curley, Pittsley, Morey, Chamberlain

THE STUDENT'S PEN

Poetry

BERMUDA

Oh! Come, my friend, and sail with me,
Across the summer seas,
On board my bark that blithely slips
Before the gentle breeze.

We'll sail beneath the sun, that gilds
Each undulating wave;
Beneath the moon that, for our bow,
A pearly path will pave.

And, far below the keel that drifts
The crystal waters through,
We'll see the treasures of the deep
In panoramic view.

Stanley B. Goldman, '30.

MY GARDEN

Around my garden the little wall is low:
I want my neighbors to see my flowers grow;
Hollyhocks peep shyly o'er its crest,
Larkspur, phlox, and flowers I love best.

And in the morning when the sun comes up,
Sending down sunbeams from its cup
Of brimming cheer and glowing amber light,
You too, should see this wondrous sight.

Myron Whitman, '31.

SOLOMON'S SEAL

Sturdily and staunch it stands
In the needle strewn ground of the grove,
And the shining green leaves peep out
In the haunts where we love to rove.

It bursts into feathery bloom
Where the small winding stream flows clear,
It carpets the dull brown earth,
In the glad springtime of the year.

Marjorie Howland, '32.

THE STUDENT'S PEN

ON A FARM

A sunny day on a New England farm
Is a day of keenest fun,
We're up before the morning breaks
And sigh when day is done.

We pat the fluffy kitty cat
That greets us at our door,
We see the farmer's trusty dog
Stretched out upon the floor.

We smell the fragrant clover fields
And hear the hum of bees,
We see the cheerful barefoot boy
Pass beneath the trees.

We drink the richly foaming milk
From well-fed gentle cows,
We hunt for all the smooth white eggs
The hens hid in the mows.

When lower grows the hum of bees
And the sky is growing red,
When homeward comes the barefoot boy
'Tis time we go to bed.

Julia Clogston, '32.

THE WIND

I love the wind
When it shrieks and whistles
And the trees bow low before it;
I love its wierdness
When it wails and moans
Like crying voices lost in the night.

I love the wind
When it drives the rain
In blinding sheets before it,
When storm clouds gather
And it calls through the night,—
I love the wind.

M. Shaw, '32.

THE STUDENT'S PEN

RICHARD HALIBURTON

Because he's young and will not dread a foe,
He'll struggle on against earth's dangers.
His courage dauntless, a sliver of untempered steel
To be chilled by love or fear or hate.
Because he's young his head unflung will challenge,
And with the courage of glorious youth
He'll never know defeat. Grace Curley, '30.

Oh cliff, your beauty is superb
As you tower up where the clouds
Close 'round you.
Up there the summer breeze
Softly caresses you,
And you know the kiss of the rain.
Before the rages of the bitter wind and snow
You stand,
Tall, strong, and true.
God gave man no words to tell
Of your wonderful beauty—
Only an ache and a wish to climb
To your lofty peak.
Oh cliff, I wish I were like you—
So strong in heart to battle the winds of life.
I would that I could climb to your
Topmost peak
And know the content that
The silence of a thousand nights
Has taught you.

Maude Shores, '31.

PEN POINTS

Ro: I call my girl Appendix.

Mo: Why is that, Ro?

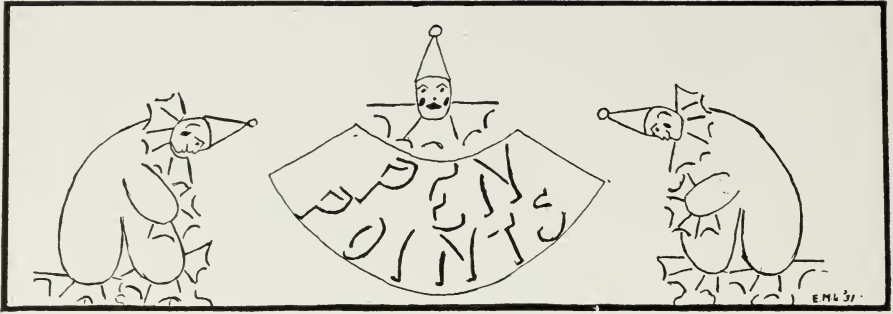
Ro: Because it costs so much to take her out.

The biology class was discussing trees.

Mr. Moorhouse: How is the sap Miss Sturtevant, forced up the stem?

Gridiron star being carried off the field, "It's all right, boys. I didn't get a good look at him but I got his number.

THE STUDENT'S PEN



Miss Paul: Hill, who was Chesterfield?

Hill: Cigarettes.

Mr. Donahue: Richmond, put the third sentence on the board.

Richmond: I can't put it on the board.

Mr. Donahue: Put it on Hazard, then.

Miss Smith: We have a new word to learn this morning, "haemoglobin."

Thorndike: Oh! Isn't there a nickname for it?

"Such popularity must be deserved," says Bill Dowling as 13 of the weaker sex followed him down the stairs into Room I.

The Ancient History Class was discussing the famous men in history by the name of Bacon.

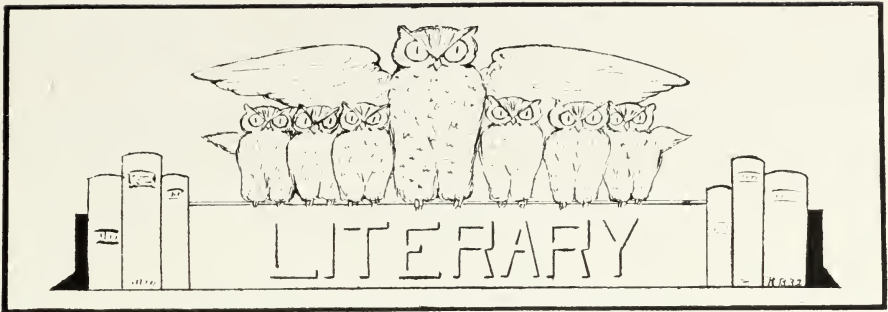
Mr. Moorhouse: What Bacon is most famous in America?

J. Thorndike: Swift's.

A high school student recently asked of the librarian, "Have you any of Mr. Cotter's books?"

The librarian replied hesitatingly, "I don't recall the author. What special book of his do you want?"

The breath-taking reply was "His Saturday Night."



SPRING IS HERE!

The spicy tang in the air; the green mantle beginning to appear on the front lawn; the tiny crocuses bravely defying departing winter; all proclaim that spring is here. I step outdoors and notice that my neighbor is having his spring plowing done. Oh, that reminds me! I must get busy with my annual flower garden.

I begin to search through many dark corners in the attic and to ransack desks, closets, and other similar places where I am in the habit of storing that personal property which I wish to keep out of the reach of my sister and brother. Eventually I find the elaborate plans for my garden, whose beds I have laid out in the fall according to various seed catalogues and garden magazines. I proceed on my way, gathering packages of seeds and garden implements.

Joyfully I begin to spade the earth and continue my occupation until my arms begin to ache. Then I sit down to rest and decide to plant a few seeds, discarding my spading for awhile. I alternate the planting of seeds and the spading of the earth until it seems as if every bone in my body, unaccustomed to such labor, is protesting. In disgust I throw my hoe on the ground, and the garden which was so easy to plant theoretically, is left for brother and dad to carry out practically.

Eleanor Rocha, '30.

TREES

I went walking one day and came upon some woodmen cutting down the lovely pine trees in a forest.

My chum who was with me sighed and remarked that it was a shame to cut down such beautiful trees.

They were great tall trees which shaded the street. They were lovely both in summer and in winter. Every tree that fell seemed to be alive and to call for help as it crashed to the earth. We walked on, not wanting to see any more of the trees fall.

Yesterday when I walked past there, I found that all the trees had been cut up for logs, and I heard that sometime soon homes are to be built where the pine trees stood.

Louise Sharp, '33.

WHEN THE GYPSIES CAME TO TOWN

A band of gypsies had come to town! Like wildfire spread the news of their arrival! In every home there arose a feeling of anxiety and suspicion. Everybody in the vicinity began to keep watch, fearing at each unusual sound that some gypsy was intruding upon his property. At night all doors were locked and children were kept in the house lest some unforeseen trouble should occur. Frequent rumors were spread about until everyone was inclined to feel indisposed to their company. There was not a person without an attitude of reproach toward this wandering tribe. All wished that the gypsies would soon leave, never to return.

Not many days had passed, however, before something happened that furnished a good reason for their immediate departure. A little child, one of the dearest and most loved in the neighborhood, disappeared. Ever since she had been able to toddle about, she had acted as a little ray of sunshine to everyone with whom she came in contact. Her happy laugh and big, bright eyes were refreshing to everyone and it was always a treat to have this sweet little girl for company.

Who but the gypsies could explain her disappearance? Who, but they, had kidnapped the child? The police were notified, and with abrupt dispatch, the gypsies were forced to leave. What a satisfying sensation was experienced by all!

In the hue and cry of the chase the reason for the gypsies' enforced departure was forgotten—even the loss of the child was relegated to the background of the public mind. When the police, flushed with the victorious sense of a duty well performed, returned to the station, they found the father of the little girl at the chief's desk. He had stopped in, he said, to thank them for their efforts and to ask them to discontinue the search. The child had been found curled up fast asleep in a seat in her father's car.

Ruth Puffer, '32

PRESENTIMENT

"They that go down to the sea in ships—" Edmond Whittaker's hand sought out the small white hand of his wife which he held firmly in his own weather beaten one. Lucy quickly gazed at her husband. What new trouble was afoot, she wondered, to have the minister's words affect her man this way. At last, the minister was bringing the long sermon to a welcome close. People were leaving the church. She nodded mechanically to her neighbors, anxious to ask her husband what troubled him. As they walked down the narrow village street she clutched at her husband's sleeve. "Edmond, tell me," she asked, "what is the matter now?" He was silent a minute. He looked out across the village street, with a far away look in his eyes, to where the ocean glimmered in the November sunlight. Then, abruptly, "Lucy, I'm going to sea." She drew herself up rigidly, "Well?" she asked dully, hopelessly, "for how long?" "Six months," he answered. "Six months," she repeated. "I will return in the Spring, Lucy." "You will never return," she said her voice husky with pent up emotion.

The next morning he left. He watched her standing in the doorway, as he walked down the street, until he could see her no longer. When she saw he had disappeared she returned slowly to the house, closing the door with hopeless finality on one who has just buried her dead.

Six months passed. Again she was leaving the church, but alone now. Her face had grown haggard in these long months. She walked slowly to the ocean. He would never return she thought bitterly. She walked to the grave yard on the bluff overlooking the ocean. There were the graves of women who, like herself, had given their men to the sea. There was hardly a man's grave in the cemetery and soon, she felt, her fate was to be linked with these women who had gone to lonely graves, embittered and untimely aged. She sat down heavily on a wooden bench and looked out on the sea. Suddenly she felt herself encircled by strong arms and lifted bodily into the air. Edmond had returned. Of what avail presentiment now?

Malcolm White, '30.



ALUMNI NEWS

1921

Mrs. Gladys Dalton (nee Gladys Nelson) is employed as secretary to Mr. Alton Hastings, of the Community Bakeries, Inc.

1922

Miss Margerite Campbell and Dr. Arthur Sullivan of Whitman were married April 20, 1930. Mrs. Sullivan attended the Sargent School in Cambridge after graduating with the class of 1922.

1923

Mr. Lloyd Nelson is employed in the Pattern Dept. of George E. Keith Shoe Company.

1925

Mr. A. Bloom has joined a local company of stock players.

Miss Gladys Zwicker is attending Framingham Normal School.

Miss Frances Bannerman, who has completed her season's work at South Hadley, has opened a private kindergarten.

1926

Miss Frances Reed will be graduated from Wheaton College this month.

Miss Harriet De Chambeau is working in the Brockton office of the United Shoe Machinery Company.

The engagement of Miss Winifred Shores and Mr. Harold Williams has been announced.

Miss Barbara Burrell will be graduated from Framingham Normal School this month.

1927

Mr. John Clarity is attending Bryant and Stratton Business College in Boston.

1928

Miss Constance Thorndike is completing her second year at Radcliffe College.

The engagement of Miss Mary Rocha to Mr. Samuel M. Costa has been announced.

1929

Miss Audrea Siscoe is employed in the office of George E. Keith's Shoe Company.

SENIOR CLASS NEWS

The class of '30 held a class meeting on May 16th. Miona Poole was chosen to write the history of the class; Louise Perkins to write the prophecy; Joseph Morey to write the will; Dorothy Bussey and Eleanor Rocha to write the catalogue of the class. An orchestra committee composed of Chamberlain, Chairman, Thorndike, and Morey was elected to engage an orchestra for the Senior Reception.

On May 23, the Senior class play, "Erstwhile Susan," was given in the Town Hall. The hall was very attractively decorated with tulips and miniature windmills, and the ushers wore Dutch costumes in yellow and white, the class colors.

Music was given between the acts by Misses Perkins, Marville, and Seymore, and candy was sold by the ushers.

The Seniors appreciate the time and effort that Mrs. Chandler, our coach, so willingly gave to make the play a success.

Ruth Moorhouse, '30.

JUNIOR NEWS

The long and eagerly awaited Junior Prom was given in the Town Hall Friday evening, June 6, 1930, at 8 o'clock. The hall was decorated with the school colors, blue and gold. This color scheme was carried

out with blue and gold streamers and balloons. The music was provided by Harry Gotshalk and his Melody Boys. At 9.45 a grande march was held, led by Ralph Benson, the Junior Class President, and Geraldine Ellis, Chairman of the Prom committee. The success of the Prom is due to our class advisor, Miss Esther Paul and the Prom committee consisting of Geraldine Ellis, Anna Turner, Marjorie Stevens, Joseph Feeney, Fred Hill and Eleanor Bussey.

The treasury of the class of '31 has been increased by \$20.23 which proves that the Athletic Banquet was a success financially as well as socially.

After the spring vacation the Juniors welcomed as their new home room teacher, Miss Margaret Smith, who takes the place of Mrs. Larsen.

Ellen Shea, '31.



GIRLS' FIELD HOCKEY

Back Row—Misses Bannerman, Malaguti, Thompson, Lemon, coach,
C. Anderson, Shores

Front Row—Misses McFadden, Rocha, Poole, Perkins, Gonsalves, Libby

SOPHOMORE NEWS

The sophomore class elected the following committee to nominate next year's class officers: Jessie McCordick, Ruth Puffer, Robert Fisher, Gordon Campbell and John Ring.

We chose the following to prepare for class day: Arax Odabashian, Hester MacCormack, Dorothy Geary, Jeanne Shaw, Mary Shaw and James Burrell.
Mildred Stevens, '32.

FRESHMAN CLASS NEWS

Our class constitution has been drawn up. We chose Copenhagen blue and white for class colors, a yellow rose for class flower, and our motto "Deeds not words." We held the assemblies for the month of May. The committee in charge consisted of Alice Swanson, Lorraine White, Florence Farrell, Edward Fogo, Frank Leslie, and Edward Hennessey.

At our last class-meeting, committees were elected to take charge of the reception to be given to the incoming Freshmen on the twentieth of June. The committees in charge consist of; entertainment committee, Dorothea Bannerman, Barbara Butland, Constance Bayne, Edward Fogo, and Thorley Turner; the reception committee, Ruth Wheaton, Julia Achilli, Florence Farrell, Frank Leslie, Harry Clifford, and James Thorndike; refreshment committee, Beatrice Wyatt, Marion Thompson, Mary Calliendo, and Charlotte MacFadden; decorating committee, Alice Swanson, Lorraine White, Annie Negri, Edward Hennessey, and Alfred Antonevit; clean-up committee, Richard Libby, Raymond Silva, Irma Mackey, and Marion Bouldry.

Barbara Butland, '33.

Le Cercle Francais has had a successful year under the following Officers: President, Mlle. Maude Shores, Vice-President, Mlle. Elsie Anderson, Treasurer, Mlle. Anna Turner, and Secretary, Mlle. Barbara Scribner.

On May 14, the two plays presented by the French Club of Boston University in Jacob Sleeper Hall, College of Liberal Arts, were enjoyed by our club.

Our last meeting will be held soon with the annual reports followed by French games and songs.

Mlle. Scribner, Secretary.

STUNT NIGHT

East Bridgewater High School's first Stunt Night took place Tuesday evening, May 13. The program opened with a harmonica and accordian duet by John D'Arpino and Arthur Aldrich; the next number was a tumbling act by Leia Canelli; then the teachers of E. B. H. were brought to the Gates of Heaven for judgment in a skit of that name, put on by the girls' basketball team; Steve Pittsley and Nicolas Medwid "fought" a most alarmingly real boxing match—one had to be there to appreciate it; this was followed by group dancing by Miss Lennon and the members of her dancing class; the last event was a minstrel show by Mr. Churchill and his choristers. It was a huge success and we're looking for the next.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Miss Paul, coach; Misses Gonsalves, E. Bussey, T. Sullivan, captain, Rocha, Perkins, Grant

BASEBALL

The baseball team faced a great obstacle this season. A playing field was lacking. The Strong field was in the process of construction and was not ready for use until the middle of May. Consequently the only practice the team got was in the games played. Also the first part of the schedule had to be played away from home.

We joined the South Shore League this year. This league consists of the following teams: Norwell, Duxbury, Hanover, Cohasset, Kingston, Scituate, Pembroke and Marshfield.

So far we have won five games and lost three. The playing field is now in use and we hope to win the rest of the scheduled games on our own field. The team:

Pitchers, Pittsley, Chamberlain and McKenzie; c, Roach; 1st b, Morey; 2nd b, Robbins; 3rd b, Joe Calliando (Capt.); ss, Feeney; fielders, Allan, Atherton, L. Calliando, Boland, Hennesey.



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row—Chamberlain, mgr., Leland, Sukeforth, Bird, Pittsley,
J. J. Donahue, coach

Front Row—J. Calliando, Roach, captain, Morey, Feeney

EXCHANGES

Dear Southeastern League:

This will be the last in our series of letters this year as this is the last edition of the *Pen*. With this in view I am trying to select those magazines about which I have said little but which deserve a great deal of credit.

"Sez you—Sez me" in the *Index*, South High School, Worcester, is clever and original; I have seen nothing like it in my other magazines. The jokes are very amusing.

It was interesting to note in the *Bulletin*, Marshfield High School, how many different ways one paragraph can be used in opening a short story. I noticed the omission of an Exchange Department. I should think that the department would be an addition to your paper.

The first thing that I read in the *Unquity Echo*, Milton High School was "The Cameo." I enjoyed it very much. The rest of the material was commendable. I am interested in the *Vox Populi*. I hope that this department will succeed.

The *Sachem*, Memorial High School, Middleboro, is a well rounded magazine and it looks as if it had been well planned. The joke department is small but mirthful.

In the *Semaphore*, Stoughton High School I enjoyed reading the School News and comparing the various items with our activities. I noticed that there were not many poems and I think that they would add to your magazine.

As we have told you of all the other magazines this year I thought perhaps you would like to hear what others think of us and how we have profited by the suggestions made to us.

Student's Pen—Your exchanges are charmingly written. Don't you think if you italicized the name of each paper mentioned, it would be read more easily—*Sachem*, Middleboro.

Student's Pen—Your poems are fine. Could not find any Table of Contents—*Spice Box*, Avon.

Student's Pen—Contains some good jokes and a good poem, "Under the Pines," but lacks a table of contents—*The Quill*, Kingston.

The Student's Pen—We enjoyed reading the paper. The poetry and short stories were very good. The exchange column was also well done—*Semaphore*, Stoughton.

Miriam Fisher, '30,

Eleanor Holmes, '31,

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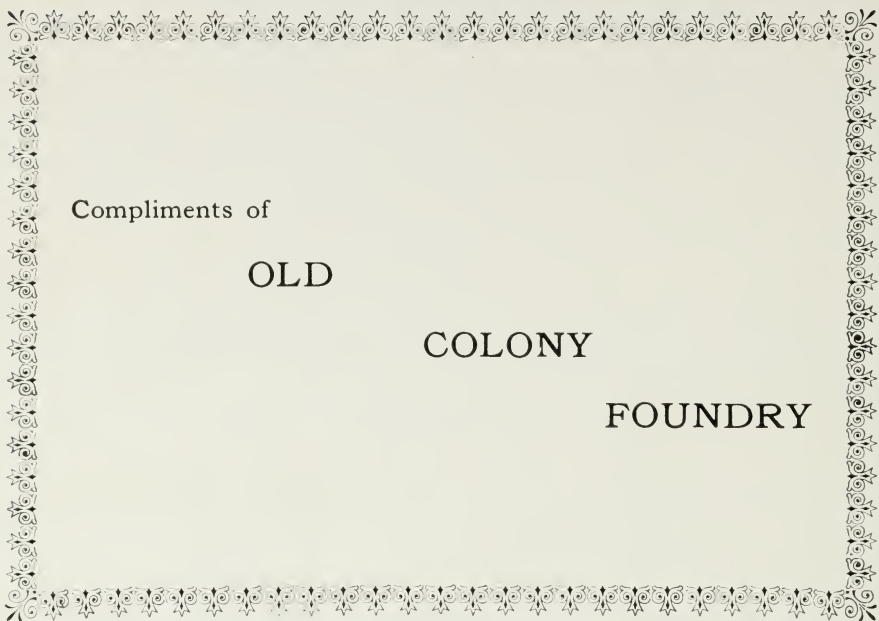
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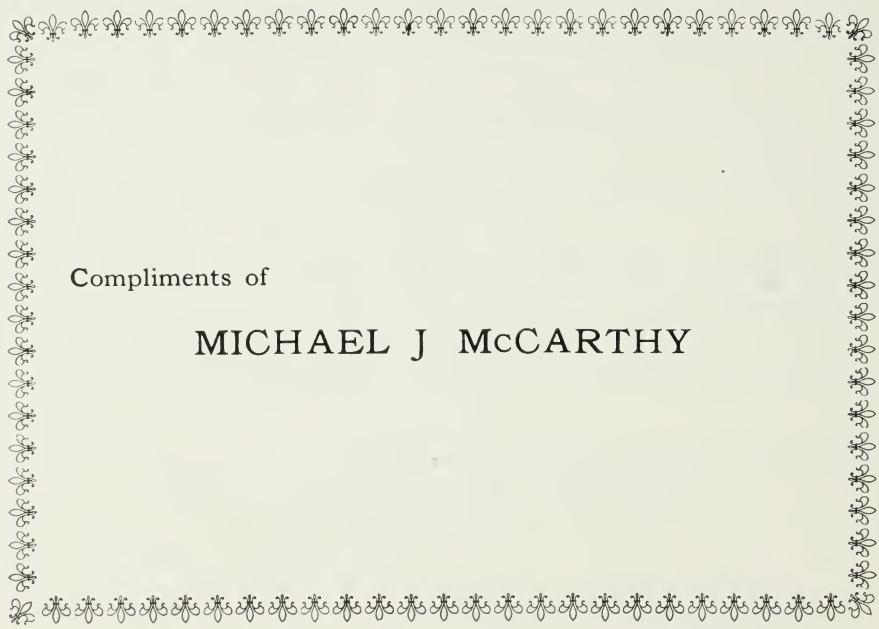


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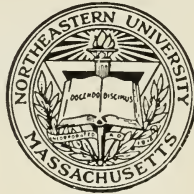
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